THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

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Bour.

not

We

Of Massillon,

ARCHBISHOP IRELAND.

In an article by a St. Louis corres.

ondent to the Pioneer Press, the fol-

owing interesting reminiscence of

Archbishop Ireland's soldier days ap

pear, which we reproduce for our read-

In 1862 Father John Ireland, then a

young priest, was appointed by Gov. Ramsey chaplain of the Fifth Minne-sota infantry, then in the field, a regi-

ment in whose record in the Western

army every man connected with it felt,

and to-day feels, a just pride, partici

pating as it did in almost every battle

and action in the West, or the army of

the Mississippi from Farmington and

AN ARMY CHAPLAIN.

There was little attention paid to the

average chaplain in the field ; he was a

great deal of a nonenity in an army constantly on the move. He was gen-

erally forgotten in the noble art of

killing in which it was engaged

Perhaps a soldier, marching by night

and day, sleeping only when there was

no duty to perform, "had most need of

blessing," but there was little time to

or marching was done the scanty

haversack was searched for a fugitive

cracker or piece of bacon, and these being devoured both soldier and chap-

He doubtless prayed for such

receive it.

lain were glad to rest.

When the day's fighting

orinth to the close of the war.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

6

"Oh, For Stumberlaud." A little song for bedtime, When, robed in gowns of white All sleepy little children Set sail across the night For that pleas ant, pleasant country Where the pretty dream flowers blow, Twixt the sumset and the sunrise, "For the Slumber Islands, bo !"

When the little ones get drowsy And heavy lids droop down To hide blue eyes and black eyes, Grey eyes and eyes of brown. A thousand boats for Dreamland Are waiting in a row and the ferrymen are calling, "For the Slumber Islands, ho !"

Then the sleepy little children Fill the boats along the shore, And go sailing off to Dreamland ; And the dipping of the car In the Sea of Sleep makes music That the children only know When they answer to the boatsmen's "For the Slumber Islands, ho !"

Oh ! take a kiss. my darlings. Ere you sail away from ue In the boat of dreams that's waiting To hear you o'er the sea ; Take a kiss and giveone. And then away you go A sailing into Dreamland. "For the Slumber Islands, ho !" -St. Nichelas

Make a Beginning.

How many a poor, idle, hesitating, erring outcast is now creeping, crawl ing bis way through the world, who might have held up his head and pros-pered if, instead of putting off his reso-lutions of amendment and industry, he expired. had made a beginning, and a good beginning, too, is necessary. The first weed pulled up in the garden the first time a manly, " I will " is said : the first seed put in the ground ; the first pound put in the savings bank, and the first mile travelled in a journey, are all important things. They make a beginning and there by a hope, a promise, an assurance is held out that you are in earnest in what you have undertaken.

Small Sweet Courtesies.

Life is so complex, its machinery intricate, that it is impossible that the wheels should always move smoothly and without friction. There is a con tinual straining of every nerve to gain and keep a place in this overcrowded busy world. What wonder if in the hurry and pushing the rights of others are trampled or completely ignored, when every individual is in such a haste that time fails for the "small sweet courtesies of life !"

But it is the little offices of friendship-the encouraging smile, the appreciative word, the thought for our shippreferences, the avoidance of our preudices-which make life easier and which lessen in a marvellous degree all its worries and perplexities. nothing prevents friction so perfectly as the exercise of what we sometime disdainfully call the minor virtues. As though one should be endowed with truth, and yet lacking prudence and delicate insight and circumspection. wound with sharp needle pricks the We do not care to sensitive hearer. be constantly reminded of our failings 'Faithful are the wounds of a friend, but friends too often show a fondnes for the scalpel, and lay bare out pet weaknesses in a truthful but exceed ingly uncomfortable fashion.

How Nature Teaches the Birds.

On the Island of Java grows a tree. the leaves of which are said to be a deadly poison to all venomous reptiles The odor of the leaf is said to be so offensive to the whole snake family that if they come near to the tree in

their travels, they immediately turn about and take an opposite direction. A traveller on the island noticed one day a peculiar fluttering and a cry of

Agnes' instruction was so far advanced magination. that the day for the holy Communion could be appointed. On the evening thrusts at the iniquities of his dangers. times that he excited, without previous to her first holy Communion, hurt, compunction in ignes made her confession ; and oh ! causing the hearts of those who afterward with what fervor and emotion ! Poor sought solace at his feet in the tribunal and humble was the cottage of Agnes' of penance. He knew how to pierce parents, and extremely small the room the armor of sin without once in which she lay. But on the morning ing the wearer. Had his eloquence on which the Divine Friend of children consisted in flinging coarse invectives made His entrance, cottage and room. at men of mark, in bitterly arraigning with the assistance of the good neighhis contemporaries, and discharging bors, were beautifully fastooned and envenomed shafts at their good name, he might have lived, indeed, in his ornamented with flowers, and a neat little altar had been, moreover, erected tory as a man of genius. but his name in the sick girl's room. would be stained and his memory held in dishonor, like a Ruhelais or a

minister of God. In a short time

With angelic devotion did the good little girl receive her Redeemer, kneel-ing in her little bed. Her mother was obliged to support her. Whilst thus assisting her daughter, the poor mother wept bitter tears. At the foot of the bed was heard received with the set of the Swift, a reproach and a by-word among men. Of Massillon, Bour-duloue and Flechier the same thing might be said. They shed lustre on the pulpit of their native land, which bed was heard great sobbing. It was the poor father, who was kneeling there. After the holy Communion the time and distance but renders more radiant and which has conferred impious child turned to her weeping parents and said : "Father ! mother ! mortality on their names. They only quickened thought with the fire of their genius but they chastened it why do you weep so bitterly ? O do not with a spirit that was born of dignity and love. England also honors, with why do you weep so birthy. With Jesus, begrudge me heaven ! With Jesus, with Mary, with the holy guardian angel!--oh ! it is so beautiful there ! O father ! mother ! do not begrudge me heaven !" A short time after she good reason, the names of Taylor and Christianity, they never forgot the traditional nobility that had characterized the utterances of the great preachers of the Church. We can DEGRADATION OF THE PULPIT.

Just as the existence of one black

imagine how the sweet and gentle spirit of Jeremy Taylor would have been wounded to the quick by the rabid rant of some of his degenerate sheep does not imply that the whole flock has suffered a taint, neither does scurrilous ooze that has lately trickled in feculent rivulets from on successors, and how he would have or two metropolitan pulpits, justify the inference that preachers as a rule have taunted them with an inglorious for getfulness of their sacred calling. know in what light such princes of the converted their holy tribunes into plat pulpit as Wiseman, Faber, Newman forms of nastiness and made them the chronicles of vice and shrill-voiced organs of abuse and vilification, rather and Manning would have regarded the vapid mouthings of a few weekly sensation mongers of to-day, who de than the crystal source of Christian purity and love. Thank God such is light in stealing the livery of heaven purity and love. wherein to serve the purposes of a dis-appointed spite. -N. Y. Catholic Renot the case, and no one can doubt, that

with a few conspicuous conceptions, the sentiment that weekly emenate rom our New York pulpits are elevating and dignified, noble and instruc tive, calculated to drive out evil influ His Services in the Battle-Field in the Campaign in Mississippi. ences from the heart and to cement the holy bonds of brotherhood among men But when it is a question of the Chris tian pulpit no exception should be tolerated. The pulpit is associated in our minds with whatever is pure, holy and ennobling. We regard it as the central furnace at which the fires of divine charity are kindled that make the hearts of all Christendom glow, the

luminous well-spring of divine truth, whence the white light of revelation flashes in upon Christian souls. We associate the Christian pulpit with the thought of a St. Ambrose, who smote the conscience of an emperor by the thunder of his denunciation, and made his stubborn knee bend penitentially for months. Sweet charity for the offender but merciless expiation for the offence, was the lesson Theodosius learned from the pulpit of Milan. Though told in cutting words that his offence indeed was rank and had the primal curse upon it, yet he was lovingly assured hat mercy sat unchained at the porch

of justice. He was not called a cutthroat, a bandit or a monster of iniquity by the kindly lips of him who had drunk in his lesson of Christianity from the well beloved voice that uttered these last words in his island home a "Little children, love one Patmos, The saintly Ambrose loved another. men but hated sin, and the words of relentless condemnation which crim extorted from his lips wrung his s from a bird above his head.

The time the chaplain looked for to sensitive soul to agony lest a human heart should suffer the anguish with address the blue coats rarely ever Looking up, he saw a mother bird heart should suffer the anguish with hovering round a nest of little ones in which he would visit sin itself could it came. an opportunity, and if there was a moment aside from the performance of but feel. Again when we hear or read such a frightened and perplexed manof the Christian pulpit, we conjure up before us the radiant figure of a St. the drudgery of his life, doubtless the and examine

the grandeur of his in " were sounded by a long line of group of soldiers to another until it shrill bugles, and that portion of the Mississippi moved on to confront new ment. What he had done was now the enthralled by the grandeur of his thoughts and the sublime flights of So keen were his

When in camp if only for a part of the day or early evening, when he knew the boys would stand it, it was the habit of Father Ireland to move about among the soldiers, dropping a pleasant word to gathered groups around fires here and there. His smiles and words of cheer were every where, always falling quietly and modestly when an occasion presented. He was a good chess player, and being mounted he managed to carry a diminutive set of chessmen and board, and as soon as he had partaken of his crackers and coffee and bacon he sent for or looked up some one to play with him. It did'nt make any difference how ragged the soldier, the

Father was ready to give him battle on his rubber blanket chess board.

IN THE BATTLE OF CORINTH. One of the most desperate battles the war in the West was that fought on October 4, 1862, between the forces of Generals Price and Van Dorn on the Confederate side and the Union forces under the glorious Rosecrans, Corinth, Miss. It was a struggle Hooker, for, though they preached the doctrines of a perverted form of their death. The now historic charge of the famous Texas Brigade commanded by Col. Rogers, as brave a soldier as ever unsheathed a sword, on Battery Robbinet, which was the key to the Union forces, was desperate and bloody, and when the smoke of that charge cleared away, and the Con-federates had retreated to the position occupied by them in the morning, the brave commander and more than a quarter of his men were left dead and lying on the bloody field. It was on the Union right of this battery in the afternoon of Octobor 4, that Father, now Archbishop, Ireland quite uncon ciously distinguished himself. Col L. F. Hubbard, who commanded the Fifth regiment in that battle makes this report of the particular time, to which the writer desires to refer:

"The determined assault of Van Dorn's army had been gallantly met and firmly withstood, except on the right. There the rebels had succeeded in penetrating our lines, had captured some of our batteries, and were pouring into the streets of Corinth. The situation was critical. Unless the enemy was turned back and the gap closed it would admit a column of Van Dorn's army to the town, and Rosecrans' line would be taken in the rear ; the consequences of which would not be other

wise than caiamitous. IN THE THICK OF THE FRAY.

The Fifth Minnesota regiment close the gap. It was like a whirlwind against the bank of that penetrating force. The enemy recoiled under the The pent-up energies of the Fifth regiment were released, and it did the work of a brigade of men. Stunned by the terrible execution o the volleys poured into it, the confused nass of the enemy halted and fell back closely pressed by the Fifth regiment. It took the batteries that had been lost, and re-established the line at the

point where it had been broken. When the storm of the battle at this point was at its height, suddenly the cry went out for ammunition. Many of the soldiers had exhausted their forty rounds and were replenishing thei cartridge boxes from those of their dead comrades. It was here and at this time and under these circumstances that there appeared a smooth shaven and strong hearted man, bearing upon his shoulders a box of cartridges, yelling out at the top of his voice, as he passed along in the rear of the line of battle; "Here are cart-

He passed rapidly along the line, the soldiers hurriedly reaching back

general topic of conversation, and the fear that he might be in those heaps of slain caused strong men to tremble A hasty glance was made through the field without result ; the search and inquiry was extended, and finally the glad tidings were brought back from an impoverished hospital on the outer edge of Corinth that first among the few comforting the dying and speaking words of cheer and encouragement the multitude of wounded was to the multitud Father Ireland.

The boys cheered the announcement that he was safe, and in the early twilight of that eventful day trend were dug and the heaps of dead gathered together for burial, and over one of these trenches containing the dead of the Fifth regiment stood this brave chaplain praying for those who had been slain and speaking words of

cheer to their mourning comrades. Why, Of Course.

The Protestant Dean of Achonry (Ireland) in a speech the other day in London "boldly asserted," as a despatch informs us, "that it was religion, not land, that caused the trouble in That wherever Romanism Ireland. advanced it brought disorder, and that Romanism made slaves, while Protes tism made men.

Why, certainly, we wonder nobody thought of it before. There was no men in the world until Protestantism appeared three hundred years ago Before that time all the people of England, Ireland and Scotland, of Ger many, France and Spain, of Italy Greece, Austria, Norway, Sweden and Denmark, were slaves. The founders Denmark, were slaves. The founders of Oxford University, the men who gave the world the art of printing, the old masters, the painters and sculptors, the men who designed all the famous cathedrals of Europe, the historians and poets and orators and statesmen for a thousand years, the warrior from Charlemagne to Henry V., were all slaves. There wasn't a "man" amongst them all. And, then, for the past three or four hundred years all the people of France and Spain and and Austria have been slaves Italy Christopher Columbus was a slave

New York Catnolic Age The object of this Agency is to supply regular dealers' prices, any kind of go ported or manufactured in the United S The advantages and conveniences Agency are many, a few of which are ist. It is situated in the heart of the salegrade of the metropolis, and has co-such arrangements with the leading r turers and huporters as enable it to put any quantity at the lowest wholesale ri-getting its profits or commissions from porters or manufacturers, and hence-rad. No extra commissions are ch-patrons on purchases made for them, a them besides the benefit of my exper-facilities in the actual prices charged articles, embracing as many separ-articles, embracing as many separ-articles, embracing as many separ-ter this Agency will insure the prom-to this Agency will insure the prom-Napoleon Bonaparte was a slave. But, why give names? All the "Papists" for nineteen centuries have been slaves The Dean of Achonry has said it therefore it's so. If history won't bear him out, so much the worse for history. To do an evil action is base ; to do a

or lines of goods, the writing of only one letter to this Agency will insure the prompt and cor-rect filling of such orders. Besides, there will be only one express or freight charge. 4th. Persons outside of New York, who may not know the address of houses selling a partic-ular hine of goods, can get such goods all the same by sending to this Agency. 5th. Clergymen and Religious Institutions and the trade buying from this Agency are allowed the regular or usual discount. Any hueness matters, outside of buying and good action without incurring danger is common enough ; but it is the part nd the trade buying solution illowed the regular or usual dis Any business matters, outsic selling goods, entrusted to nanagement of this Agency of a good man to do great and noble deeds, though he risks everything.-Plutarch. nd conscientiously attend ne authority to act as you ne authority to act as you

A kind heart is a fountain of glad ness, making everything in its vicinity THOMAS D. EGAN. to freshen into smiles. - Irving. Catholic Agency, 42 Barclay St. Net NEW YORK.

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secretory organs. Ex-Mayor Robert Bowie, Brockville, Ont., says: "I used Nasal Balm for a bad case of catarrh, and it cured me after having ineffectually tried many other remedies. It never fails to give immediate relief for cold in the head." This is the experience of thousands in all parts of the Dominion. There is no case of cold in the head or catarrh that will not yield to Nasal Balm. Try it. Beware of substitutes. Masa Vary Pearson Hawtrey, writes:

Try it. Beware of substitutes. Mrs. Harry Pearson. Hawtrey, writes: "For about three months I was troubled with fainting spells and dizziness which was grow-ing worse, and would attack me three or four times a day. At last my husband purchased a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, from which I derived consider-able benefit. I then procured another, and before it was used my affliction was com-pletely gone, and I have not had an attack of it since." DYSENTERY SUMMER COMPLAINTS JULY 30, 1892.

FIVE-MINUTE SE Eighth Sunday after

SPIRIT AND FL

"For if you live according shall die. But if by the spiri deeds of the flesh you shall it 13.)" What does the Apostle This only, that the flesh cupiscence and lusts m such power over our w carry us along with it and its longings and desires these are forbidden by "this only" becaus say flesh is no sin ; neithe feel the disorderly mov flesh that lead to sin ; b consent to these and t this reason w For that if we mortify the flesh, to which these the flesh lead us, we sl what does the word "m It means to destroy that the life of a thing. I Apostie does not tell u flesh itself but the de To do this we need not kill the flesh, but we n that gives life to its dee

What are the deed They are the seven cap covetousness, lust, ar envy, sloth. Can we the most important se them so under our con awhile, they will move and cannot influence degree. We shall fe time that they are sti but that cannot distur shall have taken their We shall have made th we can check them eas

Ought not each on get ourselves into tha But how can we do it ? mind to do it. Form a one that will not chan be firm for life. The to that resolution. to that resolution. aroused, refuse to fo ings; when covetous heart, stop the eager when lust would lead tend against the the driven out ; when any the lips with the sign when gluttony make feasting and drinking where these things ar envy racks the soul, who is the object of tempts you to self-in activity, stir up the holy shame within th a destroyer indeed of manly and heroic in But all this is about

anything a man ca say. Yes, it is ha success is *sure*. Sh for God than for h time and labor spe which is necessary success in the life of in this world. Shall much for the good eternal life in the ne Is it really so hard We mak no means. really is by putting

by thinking we are This is not true. I degrees, slowly, pa ingly, but surely. The devil makes

by telling us, when ness of the first stru bear it this way, for God wills it and g And most people, souls, do not have life." Those who k get stronger day the flesh and the grow less day by da ever, wishes us to tells, to make us gi Do not listen to th hurt you. Remen ie, and the mind We can make trusting God, who in the struggle. confession often. then help us and burden by good a munion often, an make it easier for by giving his own at that time. Onl control the flesh, ingly to use comunion. This, w and evening pra very many difficu find we have trul; of the flesh, and live, for the flesh dying fast and t Keep, the text from the Epi if you live accor shall die. But ortify the deeds live.

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JULY 30, 1892.

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se him to stop into the trouble. Going around to the other side of the tree he found a large snake climbing slowly up in the direc tion of the little nest

nedizval saints and made their sanctity It was beyond his reach ; and, since synonymous with fragrance. he could not help the little songster by ndeed did the preacher lift up men's dealing the death blow, he sat down to souls far above all low and sordid see the result of the attack. Soon the thoughts, and make them feel that piteous cry of the bird ceased and he the peace which passeth all understand thought, "Can it be possible she has ing can never take root in a soil that eft her young to their fate, and has nurtures rancor, spleen, malevolence flown away to seek her own safety and the gnawing bitterness of indictive No ; for again he heard a fluttering

Can the incumbents of of wings and, looking up, saw her fly into the tree with a large leaf from this hate. modern pulpits have heard of such Again do we not coupl tree of poison and carefully spread it over her little ones. Then alighting oreachers? the mention of the pulpit with the re nembrance of St. Francis of Sales, who on a branch high above her nest, she won men to God by teaching them quietly watched the approach of her that charity was the essential attribute enemy. His ugly, writhing body crept slowly along, nearer and still of Christianity, and that the symbolic significance of Christ's dying upon the nearer, until within a foot of the nest cross was to show to men that in His then, just as he opened his mouth t outstretched arms He embraced them his dainty breakfast, down he all in the clasp of His illimitable love went to the ground, so suddenly as Would not this same St. Francis of though a bullet had gone through his Sales be startled were he to revisit the head and hurried off into the jungle glimpses of the moon and hear such beyond.-Picayune. oulpit deliverances as would put to the

Little Agnes.

take

About twenty-three years ago the following circumstances happened to a priest : Agnes was very ill. At the request of her mother the priest came to pay a visit to little Agnes. He saw at a glance how ill she was : her coun tenance already wore the pallor o death. He did not conceal her condi tion from her. Although he broke the news to her as carefully as possible Agnes was somewhat melancholy at first, but only for a moment. Then sh himself. What a host of glorious names said, with piety depicted on her little face, to the priest :

'I would willingly die, if I could only first receive our dear Lord." the time she was attacked by illness she was under instructions for first Communion.

"Well, Agnes," said the priest, "you Mount. shall receive Him. I will come to you every day to instruct you; then the blessed day will not be far distant."

oldier prayed that he might have it. Bernard preaching love and unworld-Battles and sieges and skirmishes and ness, and that whole bright galaxy o weary marches engrossed the time of The writer remembers many in virtues which adorned the souls of all. cidents in the soldier life of Father John Ireland which, depicted as they The might be and extended as they should be in honor of the man, would make a

volume. Shortly after the siege and evacuation of Corinth that portion of the army to which was attached the Fifth Minnesota went into camp along the banks of an extremely dirty little rivulet misnamed Clear creek, in Mississippi. The impression seemed to get abroad that we should occupy this camp for some days, but this impression was simply a promise to the ear broken to our hopes, as in all such cases made and provided by the stirring realities of war, which the great Sherman said a "cruelty, and none can refine it. However, the army passed one Sunday at this resting place. It was on that Sabbath day that Father Ireland gave us his first talk.

SERMON TO SOLDIERS

The boys built him a rude altar with bush the effrontery of Diana's priest a sort of little canopy covering, all of green bushes and saplings gathered from the neighboring woods. In three esses when they pleaded for the pos ession of supreme righteousness from the neighboring woods. their privileged monopoly. And yet, years' experience as a soldier this was alas ! even those deluded votaries of an the first and the last attempt of the essentially pagan goddess were milder kind witnessed by the writer where in the term of reproach they addressed such preparation was made for a chapto their sworn foes than some men of Father Ireland did not mak to-day, who, though having the accents lain. any weary preparation for his sermon, of Christians and the gait of Christians, which was a sort of talk to the boys, have bellowed more loudly and cavorted

but went right at it in a soldierly sort more wildly than the bull of Bashom of a way, and before he had proceeded five minutes he had gotten an audience

together there under a burning Mishrong the memory as we recall the sissippi sun, the men who had spread Christian pulpit of more recent times blankets in the shade of the The gentle Fenelon of Cambrai before their neighboring trees to play chuck-a us, teaching, in the silvery accents of abandoning their games and luck his faultless speech, the same beautiful

lesson, ancient but ever new, that the, gradually pressing forward to hear Divine Master once delivered on the what the then young priest had to say, and when he closed the veteran We recall the names of Bossuet, who thundered against the cheered him as he descended from his vices of the most brilliant court in brush pulpit. On Monday morning The countenance of the pious child Europe and held the courtiers them. "come and get your quinine it up with joy at those words of the selves spell-bound by his eloquence, called, "boots and saddles" and "fall

and grabbing a handful, throwing them into their haversacks or boxes, and again turning, with replenished the advancing ammunition, upon As the leaden hail poured enemy. into the line of battle, this man's visits were repeated until every soldier was supplied with ammunition. That smooth-shaven man was Father Ireland. Any man who has ever faced bullets on a battlefield knows that it re-

quires more courage for a non-combat ant to appear than it does for a soldier with a clean Enfield and forty armed

rounds of ammuntion. The kind of courage exhibited under such circumstances knows no such thing as defeat. Father Ireland's duty as a chaplain did not call him to that surging line of battle, but the urgency of the case called for somebody to act and voluntarily and unasked he responded. If during the dark day from 1861 to 1864 there was a similar exhibition of courage by a chaplain in either army, the writer has never heard of it.

AT HIS WORK.

It was almost night before the las gun was fired in the series of charges, skirmishes, advances and retreat which characterized the battle of Corinth on the 4th day of October, 1862. Father Ireland was missing. "Where s our brave chaplain?" went from one

If your children are troubled with worms give them Mother Graves' Worm Extermin ator: safe, sure and effectual. Try it an mark the improvement in your child.

mark the improvement in your child-Ill-fitting boots and shoes cause corns. Holloway's Corn Cure is the article to use. Get a bottle at once and cure your corns. Mr. Wm. Boyd Hill, Cobourg, writes : "Having used Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil for some years I have much pleasure in testifying to its efficacy in relieving pains in the back and shoulders. I have also used it in cases of croup in children, and have found it to be all that you claim it to be." N McBae Wychidge, writes : "I have

to be all that you claim it to be." N. McRae Wyebridge, writes: "I have sold large quantities of Dr. Thomas' Eclec-tric Oil; it is used for colds, sore throat, croup, &c., and in fact for any affection of the throat it works like magic. It is a sure cure for burns, wounds, and bruises." Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria

CHILDREN or ADULTS of it since." And a have not had an attack Mr. Henry Graham, Wingham, writes us : "For fifteen years I have suffered with Indi-gestion, and during that time I could get nothing to give me relief, although I tried a great many different kinds of medicine recommended for that complaint. I now feel like a new man, and this wonderful change has been accomplished by the use of four bottles of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable medicine." No bogus testimonials THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS CHIMES PUREAT BELL METAL (COPPER AND TIM) PUREST BELL METAL, (COPPER AND TIN.) Send for Price and Catalogue. McSHANE RELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

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a great surprise to my friends and the doctor. There can be no doubt 'about the effect of German Syrup

'as I had an attack just previous to "its use. The only relief was after "the first dose." J.R. Loughhand, Adeleide: Australia. Mrs. G. M. Your Street, Liverpool, contents of one bott her of lumbago af hopes of ever being hopes of ever being **Bonthly Prizes**. The "Sunlight" S following prizes ever to boys and grist un vince of Onardo, wi ef "Sunlight" wran Si; sith, Si; sith to 14 at preity picture to than 12 wrappers. light "Scap Office later than 28th of "Competition," alsy age, and number of will be published h Saturday in each un **Mother** Mother

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